



The Jump



reality

travel

magic

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Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

She stood on the edge of reality in her Cadillac, hand outstretched the side window as if to beckon.

"Well?" she yelled over the whipping wind. We were disintegrating by the minute, yet her gloriously luscious pink hair managed to be perfectly neat. Not a hair out of place. Her face fared about the same. But that was Felicia for you. "Are you coming, or not?"

Chapter 2 by Phantim



"/Ugh/... no Felicia! We have class in one hour! ONE HOUR!"

"Oh come on! It's gonna be great!" she replied.

"No! No! No! A thousand times no! This is our first day... OUR - FIRST - DAY! Not everyone has rich parents like you. Do you know how hard I had to study to get into this school? Look, we can dimension hop after orientation okay?" Ah Felicia. I loved the girl but she was frustrating. A free spirited and spoiled multi-dimensional mage. It had been easy for her to get her acceptance

letter into our A-1 division magical university, not that it mattered for her. She could drop out at any moment and still live a dream. See more of Story Wars

Chapter 3 by SaintSayaka

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She shook her head and gave me a look, one that pierced right through my heart and made me feel like the miserable little grub I am. No, seriously. I'm half insectoid. But let's not get into that right now.

My gossamer wings beat together nervously as her car tires fractured flicks of reality, creating a static windstorm around her vehicle of fiction. The illusion would soon disintegrate completely when she slammed the gas, and I would be standing in my dorm room, and maybe if I ran I could still make it...

But of course, this was Felicia we were talking about. She didn't get denied. Before I could properly react she had thrown the car in reverse, nearly rowing me over with her perfectly pink death machine. A hand and a tug, and I found myself headfirst in the passenger seat. One hundred miles later, and everything was black.

"Felicia!" I screamed, none too pleased.

A meow greeted me.

Chapter 4 by [BLDE_79] LeMaironi- merry chrysler



The fifth-edition Dungeons and Dragons bestiary lay before me.

Thri-kreen.

A stately insectoid sporting a polearm and something reminiscent of a suriken stared at the wall of text. I let it be.

Trying to get up was not happening either. Felicia had gone feline and was laying on top of my chest. Hence the meow. The little calico that Felicia had become started to stretch, and walk off. She gracefully hopped down and popped back into her human form. I chose to avoid commenting on her nudity. Normally, she would have come with the clothes she last wore.

As we were this morning

"Did you see the page I picked out?" See more of Story Wars

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"Aye. If I'm thri-kreen, why do I have to speak the common tongue? Why do I eat like anyone else, instead of just eating well, anyone else? And you know

what, I wasn't going to point this out, but why are you in the nude?"

"Why are you complaining? Come on, let's school, shall we?"

"Aye."

We got ourselves ready, this time actually getting to the school. We shared schedules (her doing) and we were wrong to expect lockers. I wrecked (bad kind) during basketball in PE, where I avoided the ball by flying into its path. Felicia was the first to my aid. Despite having a sore leg, the rest of the school day was uneventful-- well, mostly. My bio teacher wondered how I happened, but didn't press it. I didn't know either.

We returned to our co-ed (the only one, her doing with the help of a fat stack of cash) dorm and worked on our first-day homework, despite her complaining that she'd rather be driving.

She then went into our closet, and told me to face the corner like a little child.

My response was a JonTron quote: "Bad touch! Bad touch!"

She just giggled.

Literally the only thing she had changed about her wardrobe was the addition of a cat-ear headset and a nekomimi tail.

I sighed exasperation. "I suppose you *are* a cat."

So, we got to the driving.

"Where do you want to go, Ant-Man?"

"I'm not Ant-Man, not nearly shrinking enough. And somewhere dark and quiet please, my headache from the beaning I took is not any better."

Chapter 5 by golden-in-the-mist



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We're on the highway, away from the school, homework flying out of the car. The sun is gone, the moon completely hidden in the clouds.

Ding!

A noise comes from her phone. She's about to pick it up, but I stop her.

"Just... keep driving." She laughs. "It's okay, I got this." She says.

I pick up the phone. "No!" She looks at me, taken aback.

"What has gotten into you? You always let me use the phone."

"Well now I've.... Now I've changed my mind!" I say, rubbing my head. I keep the phone away from her grasp, and she tries to take it.

She gets off of her seat, and the wheel turns with her.

I hear a scream, a swerve, and a crash.

Then everything went black.

Chapter 6 by Windlion



Pain.

Pain is good. I must be alive.

So pain and alive is better than not-pain and not-alive?

I think so. It's on the way to not-pain and alive. Where I can screw up the courage to tell Felecia that it's over, I can't deal with being her roommate any more.

Maybe. Maybe I can do that.

Maybe I can open my eyes.

See more of Story Wars

Tough call. Pain of opening

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Pain of lying on this bed.

It's a nice bed. It feels comfortable. Familiar. Not a hospital bed.

I should be in a hospital. Why am I in my dorm room? I open one eye.

Felecia. In surgery scrubs. Concentrating on whatever she is doing below my waistline. Ah! More pain. Now she is adding another needle into my inner thigh.

Maybe not the best time to end our relationship.

Chapter 7 by Windlion



"Wakey wakey!"

Wakey? Why? Bed is still comfortable.

A little hungry, though.

Actually, a *lot* hungry. Like I haven't eaten anything in a couple of days!

"If I get up, will you feed me breakfast?" I let one eye open, just a little. Still the dorm room. Is that good or bad? There's Felecia. She looks nervous about something.

"Ohh ... right, I should have guessed you would be hungry. Umm, I might need to run out to the store, unless you're okay with, umm, roaches and ants?"

Something went off inside me. "I WANT RAW MEAT!" I roared.

Roared?

Felicia is as far from me as she can get in this room, looking very scared.

Keep calm. "Sorry. Didn't mean to be so ... loud. What am I this time?"

"A, a manticore?"

Chapter 8 by Tricia L



"Yeah, that's why you need to be careful. You're in trouble," she whispered.

See more of Story Wars

Suddenly, there was a knock. "Come in," she called. "What's up?"
all. "Sorry, give me a second."

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enclosed scorpion tail and

I couldn't see the person at the door, but I chilled as I heard her voice. It was the principal.

"Have you seen your roommate anywhere, Ms. O'Toole?" she asked.

"No, not since this morning. I saw my roommate then, but I went back to sleep. I'm not feeling well." To emphasize this, she made a few throaty coughs. "Perhaps my roommate went to the store for medicine? Neither of us are from around here so we wouldn't know where the nearest pharmacy is."

But we went to school today! Unless... I had been unconscious for the rest of the evening!?

I tried to look out the crack of the closet, and surely enough, the light coming in from outside had the look of the early afternoon.

"Well, I suppose that's all right, but here is both of your homework packets for missing a day." She handed Felicia two sizable stacks of papers and left. "Have a good day, Ms. O'Toole."

After the door shut, I opened the closet and stormed out. "I missed a whole day? What happened?!"

As I started to freak out, Felicia grabbed my shoulders. "Calm down! I promise, it's okay." She sighed and continued, "After the crash, we were back here, but you were a very injured manticore and I was some weird creature. I don't really know what it was. I don't want to know, either. I quickly dimension-hopped and got myself back to normal, also getting some surgery tools, and I patched you up. I couldn't take you dimension-hopping in your state so I waited for you to wake up and here we are."

"Am I stuck like this?" I asked, alarmed.

"Nah, you should go back to normal once we hop again. Speaking of which, you want to go do that really quick?" she asked, looking excited.

"Okay," I replied, and before I knew it we were back in the bestiary. She had changed into a calico cat again, but when I looked at myself, I was still a manticore.

See more of Story Wars

"Felicia," I started, bewildered.

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I looked around me and saw that we had gone to a different part of the bestiary, and I was surrounded by bars. "And why am I in a cage?" I knew the answer, and yet some perverse understanding of the truth made me ask regardless. Perhaps I was still a bit hopeful that this was all a joke.

She looked regretfully at me, tearing up. "I'm sorry, but this is reality, and that is what you really are."

My paws gripped the bars tightly, feeling the cold metal beneath them. "But... that can't be true! What about our dorm? What about our life?"

She looked almost resentful having to answer that question. "It was a false reality. I made it for you, but you made us crash and break it. This isn't my fault."

I cried as she walked away, leaving me in the cold, dreamless prison.

the end

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